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By W. D. EMERSON.

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival," "Humble Pie," etc.

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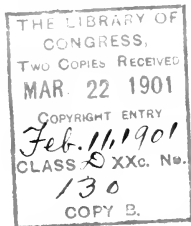
THE SPINSTERS' RETURN

(Sequel to "*The Spinsters' Convention*")

AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT

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PS 35
1901

THE SPINSTERS' RETURN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Josephine Jane Green Solferno, President.

Priscilla Abigal Hodge, Secretary.

Calamity Jane Higgins Wireworker, Treasurer.

Tiny Short Van Tassell.

Rebecca Rachel Sharpe Highflyer.

Mary Ann Fraddler Malaprop.

Patience Desire Mann, (**Countess Ketchum**) A very large woman.

Violet Ann Ruggles.

Charity Longface Puddyfoot.

Sophia Stuckup Bennett.

Jerusha Matilda Spriggins.

Juliet Long Laundestadt.

Betsy Bobbett.

Cleopatra Belle Brown Hopkinson.

Polly Jane Pratt Doolittle.

Belinda Bluegrass Afraid-of-his-face.

Frances Touchmenot.

Florence Lucrenia Goodhope Despair, a new member.

Hannah Biggerstaff Slocum.

Count Ketchum, a dude.

Young Man Afraid-of-his-face, an Indian.

Prof. Dinkenspiel, a hypnotist.

His Assistant, a young man.

Samantha

Betsey Ann

Peggy Maria

Sophia Jane

Tillie

Nathaniel Isaac

Jehosaphat

John Jacob

Jeremiah

} Tiny Short Van Tassell's children.

NOTES ON PRODUCTION.

The Spinsters' Return is a sure winner wherever produced. The same general directions given with the book of the Spinsters' Convention apply to the production of their return. In the matter of costumes, old styles of bonnets, dresses and hairdressing must prevail and may take the styles for travelling when possible. Old-fashioned carpet-bags, band-boxes, bird cages, etc., may be carried. Hand-mirrors, combs and brushes, powder-puffs and other beautifiers can be slyly used for fun-makers as were suggested for the Convention. Some special costumes are desirable. Prof. Dinkenspiel should wear a typical German costume, a fancy waistcoat, short-waisted tail coat, trousers too short, large spectacles, a low-crowned derby hat, etc. His assistant must also be in fantastic dress and always appear with a stolid face. Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-face must wear full Indian costume. Count Ketchum should be a very small man or a half grown boy, dressed

dudish and exaggerated. A high silk hat, monocle and cane, walk bent over and with arms bowed. Mary Ann Fraddler Malaprop should be most elaborately dressed in gay colors with much jewelry. In her hand she should carry a band-box with immense dollar marks on it. The eight children of Tiny Van Tassell should be dressed old-fashioned also. The girls may wear short skirts showing pantalettes with white stockings and slippers, the boys loose pants coming up under the arms buttoned to waists and short ankle length with slippers. The children played by grown people dressed as children carrying toys, etc., can be made most amusing.

An orchestra may be made one of the most successful features of this entertainment. All the spinsters should have instruments. A piano and cornet are necessary to carry the airs but other instruments of any description may be added. Tenor drums bass viols, mouth-organs, tambourines, triangles, paper horns, paper over combs, etc., any available instruments the more fantastic the better.

The Spinsters' Return.

(Sequel to "The Spinsters' Convention.")

SCENE.—*The same as used for "Spinsters' Convention."* A platform on which appears a semicircle of chairs with a small table c. At rise of curtain no one is on the platform. The ladies enter in twos and threes, singly or in groups as desired. All chatter and shake hands with one another, finally gradually seating themselves in the chairs as arranged. All the ladies enter at this time except Tiny Short Van Tassel, Mary Ann Fraddler Malaprop and Patience Desire Mann. As the President raps for order and the ladies seat themselves enter Patience Desire Mann and her dudish husband, Count Ketchum. Great excitement prevails and the president raps vainly for order.

Rebecca Rachel Sharpe Highflyer. What is it?

Countess. [*With great ceremony.*] Count Ketchum, ladies.

Violet Ann Ruggles. Well, you didn't ketch much.

Countess. Well, some didn't ketch any.

Charity Longface Puddyfoot. Well, I should say he wouldn't count much.

Countess. Well, you can count us.

[*Dude bows in exaggerated style to the ladies, the audience and then bows himself off the stage.*]

President. [*Raps.*] Ladies, please be seated and come to order.

[*Enter M. A. F. Malaprop. Ladies leave their seats and examine her jewelry and dress while welcoming her.*]

Pres. [*Raps.*] Words fail to express the pleasure it gives me to meet so many of you this evening in our beloved Clubroom. It is still the loved home of the Young Ladies' Single Blessedness Debating Society. The magic word MAN is still our watchword. One year ago we decided to try our fortunes in the far northwest, Alaska, where we had been told there were many men waiting for us with their pockets full of gold. To-night we meet to relate our experiences. When I look into your smiling faces I can but believe you all are happy, and when I behold your gorgeous costumes I am assured fortune has smiled upon you. For myself "I went, I saw, I conquered," and to-night in far Alaska there sits a lonely man meditating. My conquest was a man of rare ability; he has great ability to sit; he would sit all morning and whittle, whittle, whittle; he would sit all afternoon and whistle, whistle, whistle; [*Spinsters whistle.*] He would sit all evening and recapitulate. I decided only one could be supported by that trade and so I left him. As I cast a last farewell glance back at him, I saw him sitting and I know he deeply regretted having lived to see the day he became a grass widower.

So here I am, as free as ever,
Beautiful, amiable and clever;
Not too young nor yet too old,
I may be bought but can't be sold.

We will now open our society meeting with the song entitled "The Spinsters' Return."

SPINSTERS' RETURN.

(Tune: "Yankee Doodle.")

I.

We Spinsters now are back in town,
Listen to our dity,
And we'll tell of our renown,
Out in Dawson City.

Chorus.

Dawson City, that's the place,
Dawson City dandy,
Hear the music while we sing,
And make our bow so handy. [*All bow.*]

II.

West we went and back we've come,
And here we are "Yours truly,"
Some have men and some have none,
But all are happy surely.

Chorus.

III.

Some are rich and some are poor,
But all are well contented
For now its we and not just I,
Who pays the bills presented.

Chorus.

IV.

Satisfied we all are now,
And happy in our places;
For we have proved what we can do,
Although so young our faces.

Chorus.

Pres. The Secretary will please call the roll and each will respond with an appropriate sentiment.

Secretary. Calamity Jane Higgins Wireworker.

Calamity Jane Higgins Wireworker.

In our journey home we all did find
A continual feast in a contented mind.

Sec. Rebecca Rachel Sharpe Highflyer.

Rebecca Rachel Sharpe Highflyer. I've had a splendid trip and with good results. Only one impudent man offered me his seat in a crowded car, and said I looked too feeble to stand. I took the seat, but I looked daggers at him.

Sec. Mary Ann Fraddler Malaprop.

Mary Ann Fraddler Malaprop.

Some of my sisters have gotten men,
Most of them just what they like,
As for me, you can plainly see
I have struck a Klondyke.

[*All nod approvingly.*]

Sec. Violet Ann Ruggles.

Violet Ann Ruggles.

And lo, one more of the noble race,
A Spinster still with beauty and grace.

In all my travels I've never seen a man that was worth sitting up till after midnight either with or for.

Sec. Patience Desire Mann Ketchum.

Patience Desire Mann Ketchum. Contentment is better than great riches.

Sec. Charity Longface Puddyfoot.

Charity Longface Puddyfoot. I have found a swallow in the hand is better than a goose on the wing.

Sec. Sophia Stuckup Bennett.

Sophia Stuckup Bennett. Domestic happiness, thou only bliss of paradise.

Sec. Jerusha Matilda Spriggins.

Jerusha Matilda Spriggins.

In Alaska the men are plenty and many,
But of all the numbers I didn't get any.

Sec. Juliet Long Laundestadt.

Juliet Long Laundestadt. Axperience ish a goot school but a tear one.

Sec. Betsey Bobbett.

Betsy Bobbett.

All women should live at their ease.
And do just whatever they please.

Sec. Cleopatra Belle Brown Hopkinson.

Cleopatra Belie Brown Hopkinson.

"Not for herself was woman first create;
Nor to be man's idol—but his mate."

Sec. Tiny Short Van Tassell.

Betsy Bobbett. Tiny is not here, but she will be. She married a widower with eight children [*Ejaculations of disgust.*] and she will bring them all with her. [*Renewed ejaculations.*] Mr. Van Tassell is running for President and he has to be away from home making speeches.

Sec. Polly Jane Pratt Doolittle.

Polly Jane Pratt Doolittle.

Love is one of the funniest things,
It jumps and jerks and goes by springs.

Sec. Belinda Bluegrass Afraid-of-his-face.

Belinda Bluegrass Afraid-of-his-face.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees in a Spinster's heart an antique find.
Is not the Redman's wigwam a good home?
Why should an anxious spinster further roam?

Sec. We have a new member, a sympathetic sister we initiated as a member on our travels. Florence Lucretia Goodhope Despair.

Florence Lucretia Goodhope Despair.

Music is better than art,
For it can soothe a Spinster's heart.

Sec. Frances Touchmenot.

Frances Touchmenot.

Club life is the life for me,
It makes me feel so gay and free.

Sec. Hannah Biggerstaff Slocum.

Hannah Biggerstaff Slocum.

Women are worth their weight in gold,
But this is seldom, if ever, told. [*Applause.*]

Pres. During our travels the bachelors of this city — felt the loss of the Spinsters so keenly they sent us a poem expressive of their grief. We have set it to music and will sing it for you to-night. It is very pathetic, and, sisters, I hope you will sing it with proper expression

(Tune: "Long, Long Ago.")

I.

Where are the girls that we once loved so dear,
Long, long ago, Long, long ago?
Listening, we paused and the past answered "Where?"
Long, long ago, long ago.
Far to the west we did force them to go,
While we were thinking they deemed us too slow;
Now they're beloved, and they're all satisfied,
Now we alone must abide.

II.

Sad are our hearts as we think of the past;

Long, long ago, Long, long ago.
With them our lot we would gladly have cast;
We were too slow, were too slow.
Oh! how we think of our ice cream and cake;
Oh! how our hearts now in loneliness ache;
Oh! how we grieve over our great mistake,
Made long ago, long ago.

III.

When shall we meet with the dear ones we loved.
Long, long ago, Long, long ago?
They to their homes in the west have removed;
Long, long ago, long ago.
Here we must stay and be bachelors still;
Here we must take our own bitter pill:
Of all sad words of tongue and of pen,
It might have been, might have been.

Pres. The Secretary will now read the minutes of our last meeting.

Sec. [*Reads.*] "Dawson City, January first. The young Ladies' Single Blessedness Debating Society met in regular session. Minutes of previous meeting were read and accepted. Reports of the various committees were accepted. A discussion arose as to the propriety of Frances Touchmenot accepting the nomination for Superintendent of the Dawson City public schools. Some of the sisters thought that such a position would detract from her chances of marriage as men do not admire capable women. The argument that some man might think two heads are better than one, especially as most men are blockheads, prevailed and her acceptance was sanctioned. Polly Jane Pratt asked the advice of the society as to the practical advantage to her, should she accept an octogenarian, who had been glancing at her out of the corner of his eye, in case such marked attentions were continued? The Society unanimously voted that she should not fly in the face of Providence, as widows always take. The Society adjourned to meet

for a grand reunion in its old clubroom in — on —
(date).”

Respectfully submitted,
Priscilla Abigal Hodge, Secretary.

Pres. Unless there are objections the minutes will stand approved. We will now hear the report of the Treasurer.

Calamity. [*Reads.*] I am sorry to say your Treasurer's box is entirely empty. The Spinsters on their way to Alaska used the money in such a shockingly extravagant way—

Belinda. [*Interrupting.*] She was just as extravagant as any of us.

Frances. Yes, she even ordered terrapin for herself.

Pres. [*Rapping.*] Come to order—order!

Treas. [*Proceeds.*] I really became frightened and concluded as we were not incorporated but individually liable, I would have nothing more to do with the funds and I turned the money over to the Vigilance Committee and they are frightfully in debt.

Sophia. Well, who got us in debt? It was Calamity Jane. It was weeks and weeks before she was took and she has been paying her back board with her yeast money on the installment plan ever since.

[*Great confusion.*]

Pres. [*Raps.*] Order, ladies. Please come to order. The orchestra will now favor us with a selection.

[*Do not announce title, but play “A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.”*]

Pres. We will now hear report of the Vigilance Committee.

Patience. [*Reads.*] My dear sisters: We left for Alaska through the courtesy of the — railroad officials, who procured for us, on account of the noble cause, free transportation as far as Portland. We had, as you

remember, but \$59.60 in the treasury with twenty spinsters to provide for. All this was spent before we arrived, in the buffet cars. Our treasurer became frightened and threw up her trust. What were we to do but to press bravely on? We could not turn nor falter. We had to take set-up cars the rest of the way through. We arrived in Alaska, a band of tired but determined women. We were received with great hospitality, and in a few days the fondest hopes of a majority of our sisters were realized, but a few were disappointed. They were, you might say, homeless, penniless. After weeks and weeks of hopeless waiting to be asked, dire poverty staring them in the face, we met together as a committee on ways and means. It was determined to organize an orchestra and give a concert. For some unaccountable reason this was not such a financial success as we had anticipated. It was, however, a great comfort to ourselves. For music has charms to sooth the female as well as the savage breast. I am pleased to say you have already and will again have the privilege of hearing this charming music. I have only to add our present endedness is \$675.49.

Respectfully submitted,

Countess Ketchum, nee Patience Desire Mann.

Pres. We will now hear the report of the committee on the reception which was held immediately after the concert.

Charity. Mrs. President and sisters: I have the honor of reporting to you, one of the grandest, most magnificent receptions ever held in Alaska. The invitations were sent to all the marriageable men in that gold producing country, and we had a gathering of all shapes, sizes and nationalities. The Indian, German, Irishman, Chinaman, every style of prospector and gold-digger was represented. For, when they heard it was the famous Spinster's Club of — giving the reception [*Applause.*] they came for miles to see our wonderful beauty, and graces and our lovely clothes. After the concert our President and members received

the guests and then dancing was in order. You all know how the sweet music encouraged our President to dance with several cowboys and Indians. Our lovely Secretary never waited to be invited to dance, but she asked all the best looking men to dance with her, and still, alas, she never got asked for. Frances Touchme-not also with all her wit never got took. After dancing, refreshments were served. There are no such caterers in Alaska as Messrs. —. The society furnished the dainties, angel food, devils' food, lady fingers, chocolate creams, and circus lemonade with straws. The rush for those refreshments won many a *Husband*, and I captured a cowboy.

Respectfully submitted,
Charity Longface Puddyfoot.

[*Enter Tiny Short Van Tassell with her eight children. It makes the most fun for her to lead the smallest and have them follow in line, the tallest one last.*]

Tiny. I'm late, I know, but I'm sure you'll excuse me for I had to get all these children ready and I'm all but tuckered out. Hezekiah sez, sez he, "Tiny, if you go to that meetin' you just have to take the children along," and you all know Hezekiah, he's running for President and has to be out nights making speeches and the children all wanted to come, so what could I do but bring them. [*Ejaculations of approval.*] So here I am with the hull eight of them. But I am sure you'll enjoy having them with you to-night for they are such obedient children and they do just as their Ma tells them and are not the least bit of trouble and if you desire they will entertain you awhile.

All. Yes, we would be glad to have them, etc.

Tiny. If I do say it myself, they are so smart and can sing and play and dance and recite so nicely. Nathaniel, Isaac, and Peggy Maria play on those instruments for the sisters.

[*Children refuse, say "I wont" and shake their heads.*]

Betsy Bobbett. Won't they be great children for the White House?

Tiny. Now play and Ma will give you a cake. [*Children perform, when through the cake is given and spinsters praise them*] Now Jehosaphat you speak your piece. [*Another child performs and is given candy.*] Now there are the twin girls, I'm sure they will sing for you. Sophia Jane, and Betsy Ann sing for the sisters. [*Girls refuse.*] Oh come, be nice girls, if you don't I'll not give you one thing, and I'll tell your Pa on you when I get home. [*Girls sing.*] Now John Jacob dance your dance for the ladies. Then Ma will give you a penny to buy peanuts with.

[*Boy refuses.*]

Spinsters. They are very obedient, etc

Tiny. [*Coaxing.*] There's a nice boy. [*Boy dances.*] Now Jeremiah you play "Home Sweet Home."

Spinster. I wish they were all there.

[*Boy refuses, Ma coaxes, promises cake, then boy plays.*]

Tiny. Now children, you'll all sing a song. [*Two sing the verses and all join in chorus.*] Well children, I'm well pleased with you and I'm sure your Pa will be so proud of you when I tell him how well you have behaved, and when Hezekiah gets to be President of the United States I'm sure I'll have the smartest children in Washington. Don't you think so?

Spinsters. Yes, indeed.

Tiny. [*To tallest girl.*] Now Samantha Eliza, the children are all getting tired and sleepy and I think you had better take them home and put them to bed. Be sure and tuck the kivers in around them good so they don't take cold, and be careful of them, for I don't know what I would do if anything were to happen to them.

[*Exit children, tired and sleepy and cross.*]

Pres. We have now come to the most entertaining part of our evening—the relation by each spinster of her experience on her travels. I hope you will all feel perfectly free to tell your stories whether successful in your mission or otherwise. The last time I had a long talk with Rebecca Rachel Sharpe before she became Mrs. Highflyer, she was so discouraged, she told me she was going into a convent. Will she please tell us how she came to change her mind?

Rebecca. It seems Josiah Highflyer was in love with me all the time but afraid to tell me so until he found I was going to be a nun. Then he sang this song under my window and I dropped right out into his arms. [*Song, "If you become a Nun, Dear." Words and music may be obtained from The Dramatic Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, 50 cents.*]

Pres. Will Juliet Long Laundestadt please give her experience?

Juliet. Mine friends. Did you saw vat I said last year? I set: "O, for a man!" Gife me Audograt, Demograt, Popograt; vat care I, so it vas a man!" Vell I vent mit dot Alaska mit dem sisters; mit dem Spinster's Glub. Und der first ding vat I met mit vos a man, mit long vhiskers, und he call himself a Popograt, vat had gone dead mit his oder wife two years ago. He vas a young vidder, und his first wife she bringt him some monies und he buyed himself a pig varm, und hat sheep, und gows, und bigs. He hat vat you call a tairy und a shicken house. Vell! I d'ought of our old song vot we uset to sing:

"I'd rather marry a young man mid forty
gows to milk,
D'an to marry one old man vat gould
dress me mit silk."

Und, so, midoudt mooch goaxen, I married him and

learned to speak German. Vell, sisters, I gan told you I haf changed my mindt. I'd tage der old man efery oder dime. I had to vash, und scrub, und glean in der house, und in oder dimes I moost go mit der stable und milk all dem forty gows; und den I moost gurry dem horses and all oder tings, vhat a man moost do, und he makes specches for dem Popograts. But I vants to toldt you in dot house he vos an Autograt, like dot Russian Czar, und I got so sick mit hard work, und rheumatiz, und so plaguey mat, I coomed back.

Pres. We will be glad to hear the experience of Cleopatra Belle Brown Hopkinson now.

Cleopatra. [*Reads.*] My Dear Sisters: I am happy to be with you once more, but I shall not be able to meet with you again for my husband is very much opposed to clubs. He was brought up in close proximity to one, consequently he detests them as he does slippers. Having been a widower when I married him, I do not wish him to think of the past, as comparisons are sometimes odious. Therefore I deem it policy to withdraw from the club. Cleopatra Belle Brown Hopkinson.

Pres. Sophia Stuckup Bennett, will you tell the Sisters your experience?

Sophia. I have been inspired by the muses to give my experience in poetry.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

Oh, I have a husband as good as can be;
No woman could wish for a better than he!
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
But his love for me is uncommonly strong!

He has one little fault that makes me fret,
He has always less money, by far, than debt:
Moreover, he thrashes me now and then—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to drink;
And besides he is rather too fond, I think,
Of playing cards and dice; but then,
Excepting that, he's the best of men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I know,
('Tis the way with the men—they're always so)—
But what care I for his flirting, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my pewter, and spend the cash
But how can I scold my darling, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

Yes, such is the loyalty I have shown:
But I have a spouse who is all my own;
As good, indeed, as a man can be,
And who could ask for a better than he?

Pres. We will now have the experience of Charity Longface Puddyfoot.

Charity. Mrs. President, Sisters: My experience has been more encouraging in the far West. For my husband is herding the cattle and caring for the ranch, while I come to this experience meeting and reunion of the club, then westward again I will go.

“I want free life and I want fresh air,
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
For the crack of the whip, like shot in battle.

“For the *melee* of horns, and hoofs, and heads,
That wars and wrangles, scatters and spreads,
For the green beneath, and the blue above,
For the dash and danger, life and love.”

Pres. Calamity Jane Higgins Wireworker will you please give us your experience?

Calamity. Me and my pug dog succeeded admirably. Puggy would bark at every man who went by—not being accustomed to seeing men. I would go out to

call him in, consequently became acquainted with every passer-by. Puggy wore a gold collar, and of course everybody wanted to know why I was so extravagant. Then I would tell of the great fortune I received to allay my sorrow for being disappointed. That was a drawing card. I took my choice and I and Mr. Wire-worker are very happy.

Pres. Mary Ann Fraddler Malaprop, we are all very anxious to hear your experience.

Mary. Well Sisters, I am so done out. I heard of this here reunion and I came all the way from New York. My experience has been, I might say, wonderful. I can't crystallize it myself. I went with you all to Alaska, and owing to my beautiful figure and handsome, clinging style of dress, it wasn't long until I was elected. A gentleman miner was enhanced by my style, and as he had enough and some more, I secluded to take him. Well, we hadn't been married more than three months until the Klondyke fever broke out worse than ever like an icy wave of avalanches overcoming everything in its descent. Well, we concluded to go farther north, me and my partner, for he couldn't think of leaving me back, and I clung to him as Rebecca told us to, and says I, there's an immensity that shapes our ends rough, hew them as we will. This is the "Ironer of Fate," my William. Let us then unpart immediately, if not sooner. We went, of course it took the greater part of our finances, but we concluded, "Nothing ventured nothing won," so we went on our Arctic exertion. I will not trouble you, my dear Sisters, by relating to you our clandestine experiments in that icy region. You will refuse me, my friends, that sad task, but our money was fairly well gone and our incisions also, when one day as I was clinging to William—he had been washing out some accessory articles and was digging a hole to set up a post for hanging our those same articles. (We had set up our Lares and peanuts in this same place some two weeks hence.) He struck something that set the blood sparkling

through his veins to such an extent you could see it fairly sparkle, and lo! my friends, he had struck, not a mean niggardly nugget, but a pay streak. We never got those accessory articles hung. I stood on the post hole until he hunted a specialist to buy us out. We came back to the States. I told William it wasn't necessary for him to come east just now, to tell the truth he's somewhat unprofisticated and dispolished, and I knew he would never be able to smooth over the illuminable snares of city life and I thought I would go to New York and buy a home, which I've did. It's beautiful; situated on the brow of the Hudson amid an upheaval forest; granite and marble trimmings with merandas in back and pizzaros in front and on the sides. I was so busy I could scarcely get time to come here for I'm having it skirmished in the most fine desycle style and I've given card blank to furnish it in the most acrim-onious style of the day. Of course I said we want a library—"What books?" Oh, any old kind, "Bacon? Lamb?"—"Goodness me! No, we won't keep our meat in the bookcase." No, just books; a good lot of them, a good collection of colors, a yard or more of red, and in close extremity, a couple of yards of yellow, then green. He got the idea. The house is to have collapsed gas gestures fixed up for intellect as well, we think we'll burn the intellect. To tell the truth, Sisters, I'm almost afraid of gastrixeration. I do hope William will get a little more polished, for we expect to be greatly canonized in New York society, for you know "money makes the horse go." We'll keep horses, phantoms, and tallyhoes, and such things to ride out every day. But Sisters, perhaps you'll be invidious if I elongate any more, so I'll just say we will be glad to see any of you any time, for we'll always be ready. We'll have tabled 'hote and concourses of food served from soup to walnuts, cold slaws and marmalade every day, and you'll all be welcome.

Pres. We will now have another selection from the orchestra. [*Orchestra.*]

Pres. Violet Ann Ruggles, we will now be pleased to hear your experience.

Violet. I have a letter which will tell you whether I'll be took or not.

PAT'S LOVE LETTER.

DEAR VIOLET:—

It's Patrick Dolin, meself and no other,
That's after informin' you, without any bother,
That your own darlin' self has put me heart in a blaze
And made me your sweetheart the rest of me days.
And now I sits down to write ye this letter,
To tell how I loves ye, as none can love better.
Mony's the day, sure, since first I got smitten
Wid your own purdy face, that's bright as a kitten's.
And yer illegant figger that's just the right size;
Faith! I'm all over in love wid ye, clear up till me
eyes.

You won't think me desavin', or tellin' a lie,
If I tell who's in love wid me, just ready to die.
There's Bridget McGreggan, full of cokerish tricks,
Keeps flatterin' me pride, to get me heart in a fix;
And Bridget, you know, has great expectations
From her father that's dead, and lots of relations.
Then there's Biddy O'Farrel, the cunningest elf,
Sings, "Patrick, me darlin'," and that means meself.
I might marry them both, if I felt so inclined,
But there's no use talking of likes of their kind.
I trates them both alike, without impartiality,
And maintains meself sure on the ground of neutrality
On me knees, Violet, darlint I ask your consent
"For better or worst," without asking a cent.
I'd do anything in the world—anything you would say,
If you'd be Mistress Dolin instead of yourself.
I'd save all the money and buy me a house,
Where nothing could tease us, so much as a mouse;
And you'll hear nothing else from year out to year in,
But swate words of kindness from Patrick Dolin.

Then—if ye should die—forgive me the thought,
 I'd always behave as a dacent man ought.
 I'd spend all me days in wailing and crying,
 And wish for nothing so much as jist to be dying.

[*Weeps.*]

Then you'd see my marble slabs, reared up side by side,
 "Here lies Patrick Dolin, and Violet, his bride."
 Yer indulgence, in conclusion, on me letter I ask,
 For to write a love letter is no aisy task;
 I've an impediment in me speech, as me letter shows,
 And a cold in me head makes me write through me
 nose.

Please write me a letter, in me great uncle's care,
 With the prescription on it: "Patrick Dolin, Esquire,"
 "In haste," write in big letters, on the outside of the
 cover.

And believe me forever, your distractionate lover.
 Written wid me own hand."

His

Patrick X. Dolin.
 Mark.

Pres. We will now have our Secretary's experience

[*Secretary hesitates. Spinsters Insist.*]

Secretary. I haven't any.

Betsy. Mrs. President, I insist that our Secretary give us her experience. She's got a very good one.

Sec. [*Rises slowly, looks abashed, hangs her head, and finally yields.*] The poet is wrong. There is such a word as fail. I went out with you, determined to do my level best [*Voice trembles.*] and—and—I never had an offer. [*Breaks into a paroxysm of tears and sits down weeping audibly. The other sisters cry in unison. Tiny Van Tassel takes her a ginger cake, Miss Ruggles takes her a stick of candy.*]

Pres. Belinda Bluegrass Afraid-of-his-face will you now relate your experience.

Belinda. Yes, my Sisters, I have married a noble son of the prairie! He is a full-blooded Pie-You-Eat Indian. He is so handsome! His name is Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-face. I don't like the name--do you? I'm going to have it changed to Afraid-of-his-wife, and I won't have to apply to legislature to do it' either! He is the sole surviving heir of the aboriginal owners of Alaska. He pressed his suit, so ardently--the suit, you know, is in the United States courts, for the recovery of the whole of the territory--that I could not refuse. Besides, red is so becoming to one of my complexion. I knew you would be just crazy to see my wedding dress, so I wore it to-night. These strings of precious diamonds and rubies are heirlooms in my husband's family. I am so proud of my Indian, I want all the Sisters to meet him, so he will be here this evening. [*Loud "Whoop!" heard outside.*] There he is now! Poor fellow, he seems to have the whooping cough!--[*Sensation among the Sisters.*] Oh, don't be alarmed. He is civilized and used to all the refineries of civilization.

Frances. Distilleries, more likely.

[*Belinda brings in the Indian and introduces him. Some of the Sisters object and move to put him out. The Indian gets angry and raises a great commotion among the members. He siezes the ink bottle on the President's desk and begins to drink. Belinda siezes the Indian in desperation and leads him from the stage.*]

Pres. Our new member has a beautiful voice and will tell us in a song her experience. We will hear from Florence Lucretia Goodhope Despair.

Florence. [*Sings, "I Love You, Will Forever." Words and music may be obtained from The Dramatic Publishing Co., Chicago. Price, 50 cents.*]

Pres. The next thing in order is the election of officers. Our constitution requires their election by acclamation. Nominations for President are in order

Sophia. I nominate Cleopatra Brown.

Hannah. I nominate Rachel Rebecca Sharpe.

Juliet. No, no, we want some one older.

Sophia. If it's age you're after I nominate you.

Juliet. Well, if I were as old as you I don't think I'd mention age in this meeting.

Pres. Sisters, stop this wrangling at once, you are both old enough to know better.

Tiny. I nominate our present President, Jane Josephine Green Solferno.

Pres. Ladies, so many nominations confuse the average brain, and are liable to lead to further dissension, I therefore suggest that all nominations be withdrawn excepting the last one, any others will be out of order. All in favor of myself for President will manifest it by saying aye. [*One or two feeble ayes. Demonstrations of disgust.*]

Pres. The honor so unanimously and unexpectedly thrust upon me finds me entirely unprepared to respond to this burst of friendship, but I can only say I shall strive in the future as I have in the past, to merit your confidence and trust, by impartiality and strict adherence to parliamentary usages. I am elected. Nominations for Secretary are now in order.

Charity. I nominate our present efficient Secretary, P. Abigal Hodge.

Pres. Are there any other nominations? [*Pause.*] All in favor of P. Abigal Hodge for Secretary please say aye.

All. Aye!

Pres. Contrary, No. The ayes have it. P. Abigal Hodge is Secretary. Nominations for Treasurer.

Tiny Van Tassell. I nominate Jerusha Matilda Spriggins.

Cleopatra. We have no use for a Treasurer, we have no money.

All. That's so.

Mary Ann. I move an inscription be taken to re-embelish our treasury. [*Cries of "yes," "yes."*]

Pres. The Secretary will now take the names and the amount contributed by each sister. [*Odd sums as 17, 29, 78, a fip, a lery; sister Laundestadt out of a long stocking takes a penny and lays it on the table; Countess Ketchum contributes \$75.00; Madam Malaprop "inscribes" \$1,000, and Betsy Bobbett gives \$1,000.*]

Pres. The treasury is now replenished, all in favor of Jerusha Matilda Spriggins as Treasurer signify it in the usual manner. [*All vote different ways.*]

Polly. I move we take an excursion. [*President calls to order.*]

Pres. We will now listen to a trio entitled "And the Maids came back," by Charity Longface Puddyfoot, Rachel Rebecca Sharpe Malaprop and Polly Jane Pratt Doolittle.

MAIDS CAME BACK.

(Tune: "The Cat Came Back.")

I.

We were three Maiden Spinsters,
 We had troubles of our own;
 We thought we'd never get a man,
 So we all left home.
 We went to Alaska, to try our luck out there;
 We found a Pat, a cowboy too
 And a Mr. Richman fair.

Chorus.

But we maids came back,
 Couldn't stay no longer,
 Yes we maids came back,
 One very fine day,

We maids came back;
 Thought we were a goner
 But we maids came back,
 For we could not stay away.

II.

We all did have a jolly time,
 When out there in the west;
 We put on airs mighty hard,
 We did our level best.
 Some got a man just at once,
 While others got the slight;
 But we three Maiden Spinsters,
 Why, we were out of sight.

Chorus.

III.

We know you're glad to have us back,
 Now 'fess up to the truth!
 For what would town be to you all,
 Without a pudgyfoot?
 And on St. Patrick's day, you know
 You're sometimes full of—bliss,
 While Madam Malaprop's cash,
 You'd all be sure to miss.

Chorus.

Pres. I have a very pleasant surprise for you my sisters. Prof. Dinkenspiel, the renowned hypnotist of Germany, who has lately arrived in — has kindly consented to give us an exhibition of his wonderful hypnotic power over the human mind. He will soon be here and we will not close our program until after his appearance.

[*After the President has announced the coming of the Professor he knocks. A member goes to the door, gets his card. He is announced and ushered in. Professor speaks in broken Dutch.*]

Professor. [*Bowing.*] Ladies, I am overcome with

joy. I am Professor Dinkenspiel, the hypnotist. I am the seventh son-in-law of my wife's father. I bring good recommendations from all the crowned heads of the world, including King William and Tom Reed. Hypnotism is like this: I point my finger at one of the ladies, thus. I say: "Will you please smile," and she smiles. Is it not so? Have I your permission to demonstrate to you my ability in this line?

[*President tells him yes, they would be pleased, etc.*]

Prof. Thank you. I have an assistant outside; I will bring him in. [*Professor goes out and brings in a young man whom he seats in the center of the stage with his face only partly turned to the audience.*] Ladies, I will now use this young man to demonstrate my ability as a hypnotist. While I am putting him under my influence you will all please be still as a mouse. [*Makes passes, etc. Young man goes to sleep.*] Now I have him under my control. I will first make him think he is me, myself. Young man, what is your name?

Young Man. Professor Dinkenspiel

Prof. Yes! how old are you?

Young Man. Ninety-four.

Prof. What? what's that?

Young Man. Forty-nine.

Prof. Ah, yes, that's better. Are you married?

Young Man. Yes, six times.

Prof. No! No! You must excuse him, ladies. His mind wanders. I must put him under better control. [*Makes more passes, etc.*] Ah! Now he is completely under my control. In this condition he is without any of his senses. You observe, I pinch him. I run my finger into his eyes. I stick this pin through his ear, and into his arm. He does not feel it. I fill his mouth with snuff and tell him to eat it and he does. Do you like that candy, my friend?

Young Man. Yes.

Prof. Now, I will fire off this revolver—[*Ladies all scream.*] Don't be afraid. It won't hurt him. [*Points revolver again. Ladies scream to take it away.*] Oh, well, if you don't want me to I won't. Now, ladies, to show you that what I have said is the truth, I want you to examine this young man, and satisfy yourself as to his condition. [*Ladies crowd around and examine the young man; pinch him, pull his hair, yell in his ear, etc., etc., exclaiming: "Wonderful!" "Oh!" "My!" etc., etc.*] Now if you are satisfied I will wake him up. [*Does so.*] Now, my friend, you can go outside and wait for me. There are too many lovely ladies here for you to stay. [*Turning to ladies.*] Now, I want some of you ladies to come forward and allow me to put you under the hypnotic influence. Will you not do so? [*Professor selects three ladies, seats them in center, makes passes, etc. All go to sleep. Has them sing, recite, play violin, fish, wash, dance, and wakes them up while doing those things. Ladies look ashamed and frightened when waked up. Can then bring out three more ladies and repeat as often as is desired. During all this time Professor should keep up a running fire of comments, and the members should take great interest in the proceedings.*] If no more of the ladies will come out and be hypnotized I will not interrupt your proceedings any longer. Some future time I hope to meet you and give you a further exhibition of my ability.

[*The President thanks the Professor for his exhibition. She considers it wonderful and would like to see more of it. Says the orchestra is about to play one of their famous pieces, and invites the Professor to remain and hear it. Professor bows, expresses his thanks and sits down near the President.*]

Pres. We will close our meeting with another selection by the orchestra.

[*All march slowly off while the orchestra plays "Marching Through Georgia."*]

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This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

SYNOPSIS.

Gathering of the Members of the Society.—The Roll-Call.—The Greeting Song.—Minutes of the last meeting.—Report of The Treasurer.—Music: "Sack Waltz."—A paper on Woman's Rights.—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics."—The Advent of the Mouse.—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society.—The Psalm of Marriage.—Secretary's Report on Eligible Men.—A Petition to Congress.—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett.—Song: "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance Committee.—An Appeal to the Bachelors.—Prof. Make-over.—The Remodeloscope.—Testimonials.—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Imogene Courtleigh. Wilful, wayward and wealthy.....*Juvenile lead*
Ginger. A Gypsy waif.....*Soubrette*
Nance Tyson. Her supposed mother.....*Character*
Prudence Freeheart. A poor relation.....*Old maid comedy*
Horace Verner. An artist and accidentally a married man.....*Juvenile lead*
Dink Potts. His chum and incidentally in love with Ginger.....*Eccentric comedy*
Ira Courtleigh. Imogene's guardian.....*Heavy*
Buck Tyson. A Gypsy tinker.....*Character comedy*
Elmer Van Sittert. Angliomaniac, New Yorker.....*Dude comedy*
Major Duffy. County Clerk and Confederate veteran.....*Irish comedy*
Squire Ripley. A Virginia landlord.....*Character old man*
Lige. A gentleman of color... ..*Negro character*

Note: Squire Ripley and Van Sittert may double.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

Act 1. "The George Washington," a country tavern in old Virginia. An impromptu wedding. "When I was on the boards at old Pott's the-ayter-" "Horace has fallen in love and has done nothing but rave about her ever since." "The marriage ceremony performed, I depart, and you will make no attempt ever to see me again." "Except at your own request, never!"

Act 2. Lover's Leap, a Blue Mountain precipice. A daring rescue. "Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady." "Do you ever feel the need of a faithful friend?" "I do, I do, I'm thinking of buying a bulldog." "Look at the stride of him, and Imogene sitting him as if he were a part of herself." Within twenty feet of certain death. "Gone? Without even my thanks for such a deed of desperate heroism?"

Act 3. The Courtleigh Place. A woman's folly. "And you say his father was a gentleman?" "I have already refused to sign the document." "Stand back, she is my wife."

Act 4. The "Mountain Studio." "You're too good to let that French girl get you." "I struck him full in the face and the challenge followed." "You will not meet this man, dear love?" "It shall, at least, be blow for blow." "I release you from your promise. Fight that man." "I'm the happiest man in old Virginia, because you love me."

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CAPT. RACKET

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CHARACTERS.

CAPT. ROBERT RACKET, one of the National Guard. A lawyer when he has nothing else to do, and a liar all the time..... *Comedy Lead.*
 OBADIAH DAWSON, his uncle, from Japan, "where they make tea.".....
 TIMOTHY TOLMAN, his friend, who married for money and is sorry for it..... *Comedy Old Man.*
 MR. DALROY, his father-in-law, a jolly old cove..... *Juvenil Man.*
 HOBSON, a waiter from the "Cafe Gloriana," who adds to the confusion..... *Eccentric.*
 CLARICE, the Captain's pretty wife, out for a lark, and up to "anything awful"..... *U lity.*
 MRS. TOLMAN, a lady with a temper, who finds her Timothy a vexation of spirit..... *Comedy Lead.*
 KATY, a mischievous maid..... *Old Woman.*
 TOOTSY, the "Kid," Tim's olive branch..... *Soubrette.*
 *Props*

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Place: Tim's country home on the Hudson near New York. Time: A breezy morning in September. The Captain's fancy takes a flight and trouble begins.

Act II. Place: the same. Time: the next morning. How one yarn requires another. "The greatest liar unhung." Now the trouble increases and the Captain prepares for war.

Act III. Place: The same. Time: Evening of the same day. More misery. A general muddle. "Dance or you'll die." Cornered at last. The Captain owns up. All serene.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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